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THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE I.

To His GRACE the  
DUKE of DORSET.

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*Tanto major Fama sitis est, quàm  
Virtutis.*

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JUV. Sat. 10.



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Printed in the Year MDCCXXV.



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# SATIRE I.

To His GRACE the  
DUKE of DORSET.

**M**

Y Verse is Satire; DORSET, lend your Ear,  
And patronize a Muse You cannot fear.  
To Poets sacred is a DORSET's Name,  
Their wonted Passport thro' the Gates of Fame;

It bribes the partial Reader into Praise,  
And throws a Glory round the shelter'd Lays:  
The dazzled Judgment fewer Faults can see,  
And gives Applause to B——e, or to Me.  
But You decline the Mistress we pursue;  
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of You.

INSTRUCTIVE Satire, true to Virtue's Cause!  
 Thou shining Supplement of publick Laws!  
 When *Flatter'd Crimes* of a licentious Age  
 Reproach our Silence, and demand our Rage;  
 When *Purchas'd Follies* from each distant Land,  
 Like Arts, improve in *Britain's* skilful Hand;  
 When the Law shews her Teeth, but dares not bite,  
 And *South-Sea* Treasures are not brought to Light;  
 When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Classics quit,  
 Polite Apostates from GOD's Grace to Wit;  
 When Men grow great from their Revenue spent,  
 And fly from Bayliffs into Parliament;  
 When dying Sinners, to blot out their Score,  
 Bequeath the Church the Leavings of a Whore:  
 To chafe our Spleen, when Themes like these increase,  
 Shall Panegyrick reign, and Censure cease?

SHALL Poetry, like Law, turn Wrong to Right,  
 And Dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,  
 Set up each senseless Wretch for Nature's Boast,  
 On whom Praise shines as Trophies on a Post?  
 Shall Funeral Eloquence her Colours spread,  
 And scatter Roses on the wealthy Dead?

Shall

Shall Authors smile on these illustrious Days,  
And Satyrize with nothing — but their Praise?

WHY slumbers *Pope*, who leads the tuneful Train,  
Nor hears that Virtue, which He loves, complain?  
*Donne*, *Dorset*, *Dryden*, *Rockester*, are dead,  
And Guilt's chief Foe in *Addison* is fled;  
*Congreve*, who crown'd with Lawrels fairly won,  
Sits smiling at the Goal while Others run,  
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)  
Ye Gods! He will not write, and *Mevius* will.

DOUBLY distrest, what Author shall we find  
Discreetly Daring and severely Kind,  
The Courty \* *Roman*'s shining Path to tread,  
And sharply Smile prevailing Folly dead?  
Will no superior Genius snatch the Quill,  
And save me, on the Brink, from Writing ill?  
Tho' vain the Strife, I'll strive my Voice to raise:  
What will not Men attempt for sacred Praise?

THE *Love of Praise*, howe'er conceal'd by Art,  
Reigns more, or less, and glows in every Heart:  
The Proud to gain it Toils on Toils endure,  
The Modest shun it, but to make it sure.

\* *Horace*,

O'er

O'er Globes, and Scepters, now, on Thrones it swells,  
Now, trims the Mid-night Lamp in College-cells.

'Tis Tory, Whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,  
Harangues in Senates, squeaks in Masquerades.

Here, to *S*—*e*'s Humour makes a bold Pretence,  
There, bolder Aims at *P*—*y*'s Eloquence.

It aids the Dancer's Heel, the Writer's Head,  
And heaps the Plain with Mountains of the Dead ;  
Nor ends with Life ; but nods in sable Plumes,  
Adorns our Herſe, and Flatters on our Tombs.

WHAT is not *Proud* ? The *Pimp* is proud to ſee  
So many like himſelf in high Degree ;  
The *Whore* is proud, her Beauties are the Dread  
Of peeviſh Virtue, and the Marriage-bed ;  
And the brib'd *Cuckold*, like crown'd Victims born  
To Slaughter, glories in his gilded Horn.

SOME go to Church, *Proud* humbly to repent,  
And come back much more guilty than they went :  
One Way they look, another Way they ſteer,  
Pray to the Gods ; but would have Mortals hear :  
And when their Sins they ſet ſincerely down,  
They'll find that their Religion has been one.

OTHERS



OTHERS with wishful Eyes on *Glory* look,  
 When they have got their *Picture* tow'rd's a Book,  
 Or pompous *Title*, like a gawdy Sign  
 Meant to betray dull Sots to wretched Wine.  
 If at his Title T—— had dropt his Quill,  
 T—— might have past for a great Genius still;  
 But T——, alas! (excuse him, if you can)  
 Is now a Scribbler, who was once a Man.

IMPERIOUS Some a Classic *Fame* demand,  
 For heaping up with a laborious Hand  
 A Waggon-load of Meanings for one Word,  
 While A's depos'd, and B with Pomp restor'd.

SOME for *Renown* on Scraps of Learning doat,  
 And think they grow Immortal as they quote.  
 To Patch-work learn'd Quotations are ally'd,  
 Both strive to make our Poverty our Pride.

ON *Glass* how witty is a noble Peer?  
 Did every Diamond cost a Man so dear?

POLITE Diseases make some Idlers *vain*,  
 Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

ON Death-beds some in conscious *Glory* ly,  
 Since of the Doctor in the Mode they dy;

Whose

Whose wondrous Skill is, Headsman-like to know  
For better Pay to give a surer Blow.

OF Folly, Vice, Disease, Men proud we see ;  
And (stranger still!) of Blockhead's Flattery,  
Whose Praise defames ; as if a Fool shou'd mean  
By spitting on your Face to make it clean.

NOR is't enough all Hearts are swoln with *Pride*,  
Her Power is mighty, as her Realm is wide.  
What can she not perform? The Love of Fame  
Made bold *Alphonsus* his Creator blame ;  
*Empedocles* hurl'd down the burning Steep,  
And (stronger still!) made *Alexander* weep.  
Nay, it holds *Delia* from a second Bed,  
Tho' her lov'd Lord has four half Months been dead.

THIS Passion with a Pimple have I seen  
Retard a Cause, and give a Judge the Spleen.  
By *this* inspir'd (O! ne'er to be forgot)  
Some Lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.  
It makes *Globose* a Speaker in the House ;  
He hems, and is deliver'd of his Mause:  
It makes *Dear Self* on well-bred Tongues prevail,  
And *I* the *Little Heroes* of each Tale.

Sic

SICK with the *Love of Fame* what *Throng*s pour in,  
 Unpeople Court, and leave the Senate thin?  
 My growing Subject seems but just begun,  
 And, Chariot-like, I kindle as I run.  
 Aid me, great *Homer*! with thy *Epic* Rules  
 To take a Catalogue of *British* Fools.  
 Satire, had I thy *Dorset's* Force divine,  
 A Knave, or Fool, shou'd perish in each Line;  
 Tho' for the First all *Westminster* should plead,  
 And for the Last all *Gresham* intercede.

BEGIN. Who first the *Catalogue* shall grace?  
 To *Quality* belongs the highest Place.  
 My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!  
 Ye Vulgar! at your Peril give him Room:  
 He stands for *Fame* on his Forefathers Feet,  
 By Heraldry prov'd Valiant, or Discreet.  
 With what a decent Pride he throws his Eyes  
 Above the Man by three Descents less wise?  
 If Virtues at his noble Hands you crave,  
 You bid him raise his Fathers from the Grave.  
 Men should press forward in *Fame's* glorious Chace;  
 Nobles look backward, and so lose the Race.

Let high Birth triumph ! What can be more great ?  
 Nothing — but Merit in a low Estate.  
 To Virtue's humblest Son let none prefer  
 Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.  
 Shall Men, like *Figures*, pass for high, or base,  
 Slight, or important, only by their Place ?  
 Titles are Marks of honest Men and wise,  
 The Fool, or Knave that wears a Title, lies.

THEY that on glorious Ancestors enlarge,  
 Produce their Debt instead of their Discharge.  
*Dorset*, let those who proudly boast their Line,  
 Like Thee, in Worth hereditary shine.

VAIN as false Greatness is, the Muse must own,  
 We want not Fools to buy that *Bristol* Stone.  
 Mean Sons of Earth, who on a *South-Sea* Tide  
 Of full Success swam into Wealth and Pride,  
 Knock with a Purse of Gold at *Anstis*' Gate,  
 And beg to be descended from the Great.

WHEN Men of Infamy to Grandeur soar,  
 They light a Torch to shew their Shame the more.  
 Those Governments which curb not Evils, cause ;  
 And a rich Knave's a Libel on our Laws.

BELUS



*BELUS* with solid *Glory* will be crown'd;  
 He buys no Phantome, no vain empty Sound,  
 But *builds* himself a Name; and to be great,  
 Sinks in a Quarry an immense Estate;  
 In Cost and Grandeur *Ch---dos* he'll out-do,  
 And, *B---l---ton*, thy Taste is not so true.  
 The Pile is finish'd, every Toil is past,  
 And full Perfection is arriv'd at last;  
 When lo! my Lord to some small Corner runs,  
 And leaves State-rooms to Strangers and to Duns. 1

THE Man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,  
 Provides a Home from which to run away.  
 In *Britain* what is many a lordly Seat  
 But a Discharge in full for an Estate?

IN smaller Compals lyes *Pygmalion's* Fame;  
 Not Domes, but antique Statues are his Flame.  
 Not *F---t---n's* self more *Parian* Charms has known;  
 Nor is good *Pembroke* more in Love with Stone.  
 The Bayliffs come (rude Men, profanely bold!)  
 And bid him turn his *Venus* into Gold:

" No, Sirs, he crys, I'll sooner rot in Jayl.

" Shall *Grecian* Arts be truckt for *English* Bayl?"

B 2

Such

Such Heads might make their very *Busto's* laugh,  
His Daughter starves, but \* *Cleopatra's* safe.

MEN overloaded with a large Estate  
May spill their Treasure in a nice Conceit;  
The Rich may be polite, but Oh! 'tis sad  
To say you're Curious, when we swear you're Mad,  
By your Revenue measure your Expence,  
And to your Funds and Acres joyn your Sense;  
No Man is blest by Accident or Guess,  
True Wisdom is the Price of Happiness;  
Yet few without long Discipline are sage,  
And Youth does only lay up Sighs for Age.

BUT how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long  
The bright Temptation of the Courtly Throng,  
Thy most inviting Theme? the *Court* affords  
Much Food for Satire, it abounds in Lords.

"What Lords are those saluting with a Grin?"

One is just *out*, and One as lately *in*.

"How comes it then to pass we see preside

"On both their Brows an equal Share of Pride?"

Pride, that impartial Passion, reigns thro' all,

Attends our Glory, nor deserts our Fall,

\* *Afamous Statue.*

As

As in its Home, it triumphs in High-place,  
 And frowns a haughty Exile in Disgrace.  
 Some Lords it bids admire their Wands so white,  
 Which bloom, like *Aaron's*, to their ravish'd Sight;  
 Some Lords it bids resign, and turns their Wands,  
 Like *Moses*, into Serpents in their Hands.  
 These sink, as divers, for Renown; and boast  
 With Pride inverted of their Honours lost,  
 But against Reason sure 'tis equal Sin  
 To boast of merely being *out* or *in*.

WHAT Numbers, *Here*, thro' odd Ambition strive  
 To seem the most transported Things alive?  
 As if by Joy Desert was understood,  
 And all the Fortunate were wise or good.  
 Hence aching Bosoms wear a Visage gay,  
 And stifled Groans frequent the Ball and Play.  
 Compleatly drest by \* *Monteuil* and Grimace,  
 They take their Birth-day Suit, and publick Face;  
 Their Smiles are only Part of what they wear,  
 Put off at Night with Lady *B*——'s Hair.  
 What bodily Fatigue is half so bad?  
 With anxious Care they labour to be glad.

\* *A famous Taylor,*

WHAT

WHAT Numbers, *Here*, would into Fame advance,  
 Conscious of Merit in the Coxcomb's Dance?  
 The Tavern! Park! Assembly! Mask, and Play!  
 Those dear Destroyers of the tedious Day!  
 That Wheel of Fops! that Saunter of the Town!  
 Call it Diversion, and the Pill goes down;  
 Fools grin on Fools, and *Stoic*-like, support  
 Without one Sigh the Pleasures of a Court.  
 Courts can give nothing to the Wise and Good,  
 But Scorn of Pomp and Love of Solitude.  
 High Stations Tumult, but not Bliss create,  
 None think the Great unhappy but the Great;  
 Fools gaze and envy; Envy darts a Sting,  
 Which makes the Swain as wretched as the King.

I envy none their Pageantry and Show,  
 I envy none the guiding of their Woe.  
 Give me, indulgent Gods! with Mind serene,  
 And guiltless Heart to range the Sylvan Scene.  
 No splendid Poverty, no smiling Care,  
 No well-bred Hate, or servile Grandeur There;  
 There pleasing Objects useful Thoughts suggest,  
 The Sense is ravish'd, and the Soul is blest;

On



On every Thorn delightful Wisdom grows,  
 In every Rill a sweet Instruction flows:  
 But some unheedful hear the whisp'ring Rill,  
 In spite of sacred Leisure, Blockheads still;  
 Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler Bloom  
 In her one native Soil the Drawing-room.

THE Squire is proud to see his Courser strain,  
 Or well-breath'd Beagles sweep along the Plain.  
 Say, dear *Hippolitus*, (whose Drink is Ale,  
 Whose Erudition is a *Christmas* Tale,  
 Whose Mistress is saluted with a Smack,  
 And Friend receiv'd with Thumps upon the Back)  
 When thy sleek Gelding nimbly leaps the Mound,  
 And *Ringwood* opens on the tainted Ground,  
 Is That *thy* Praise! Let *Ringwood's* Fame alone,  
 Just *Ringwood* leaves each Animal his own,  
 Nor envies when a Gypfy you commit,  
 And shake the clumsy Bench with Country Wit;  
 When you the dullest of dull Things have said,  
 And then ask Pardon for the Jest you made.

HERE breathe, my Muse! and then thy Task renew;  
 Ten thousand Fools unsung are still in View.

Fewer

Fewer Lay-athcists made by Church-debates;  
 Fewer great Beggars fam'd for large Estates;  
 Ladies, whose Love is constant as the Wind;  
 Cits, who prefer a Guinea to Mankind;  
 Fewer the Lords to *Scr---pe* that humbly bend;  
 Fewer the Shocks a Statesman gives his Friend.

Is there a Man of an eternal Vein,  
 Who lulls the Town in Winter with his Strain,  
 At *Bath* in Summer chants the reigning Lais,  
 And sweetly whistles as the Waters pass?  
 Is there a Tongue like *Delia's* o'er her Cup,  
 That runs for Ages without winding up?  
 Is there, whom his Tenth *Epic* mounts to Fame?  
 Such, and such only might exhaust my Theme.  
 Nor would these Heroes of the Task be glad;  
 For who can write so fast as Men run mad!

F I N I S.



*The Second Satire is now in the Press.*

THE 5  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE II.

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— *Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam  
virtutis.* JUV. Sat. 10.

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Printed in the Year M DCC XXV.

THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION

SATIRE II.

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## SATIRE II.

**M**Y Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd End,  
 Tho' *Tail*, and *Danger* the bold Task attend;  
*Heroes*, and *Gods* make other Poems fine,

Plain Satire calls for *Sense* in every Line;

Then, to what Swarms thy Faults I dare expose?

All Friends to Vice and Folly are thy Foes;

When such the Foe, a War eternal wage,

'Tis most Ill-nature to *repress* thy Rage;

And if these Strains some nobler Muse excite,

I'll glory in the Verse I did not write.

So weak are human Kind by Nature made,

Or to such Weakness by their Vice betray'd,

Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe

Their Zest of Pleasure, and their Balm of Woe.

Thou, like the Sun, all Colours dost contain,  
 Varying, like Rays of Light, on Drops of Rain;  
 For every Soul finds Reasons to be proud,  
 Tho' hiss'd, and hooted by the pointing Crowd,

WARM in Pursuit of Foxes, and Renown,  
 \* *Hippolitus* demands the *Sylvan* Crown;  
 But *Florio's* Fame, the Product of a Shower,  
 Grows in his Garden, an illustrious Flower!  
 Why teems the Earth? why melt the vernal Skies?  
 Why shines the Sun? to make † *Paul Diack* rise.  
 From Morn to Night has *Florio* gazing stood,  
 And wonder'd how the Gods could be so good.  
 What Shape? what Hue? was ever Nymph so fair?  
 He doats! he dies! he too is rooted there.  
 O solid Bliss! which nothing can destroy  
 Except a Cat, Bird, Snail, or idle Boy.  
 In Fame's full Bloom lyes *Florio* down at Night,  
 And wakes next Day a most inglorious Wight.  
 The Tulip's dead! see thy fair Sister's Fate,  
 O C——, and be kind ere 'tis too late,

Neq

\* This refers to the first *Satire*.

† The Name of a Tulip.

Nor are those Enemies I mention'd all;  
 Beware, O Florist, thy Ambition's Fall.  
 A Friend of mine indulg'd this noble Flame,  
 A Quaker serv'd him, *Adam* was his Name.  
 To one lov'd Tulip oft the Master went,  
 Hung o'er it, and whole Days in Rapture spent;  
 But came, and mist it one ill-fated Hour.  
 Herag'd! he roar'd! "what *Damon* cropt my Flower?"  
 Serene, quoth *Adam*, lo! 'twas crush'd by me;  
 Fall'n is the *Baal* to which thou bow'dst thy Knee.

"But all Men want Amusement, and what Crime  
 "In such a Paradise to fool our Time?  
 None; but why proud of this? to Fame they soar;  
 We grant *they're* Idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists, we despise their Joy,  
 And think their Hearts enamour'd of a Toy;  
 But are those wiser whom we most admire,  
 Survey with Envy, and pursue with Fire?  
 What's he, who fights for Wealth, or Fame, or Power?  
 Another *Florio* doating on a Flower,  
 A short-liv'd Flower, and which has often sprung  
 From sordid Arts, as *Florio's* out of Dung.

WITH

WITH what, O *Codrus*! is thy Fancy smit?  
 The *Flower* of Learning, and the *Bloom* of Wit,  
 Thy gawdy Shelves with crimson Bindings glow,  
 And *Epistolus* is a perfect Beau.

How fit for thee bound up in Crimson too,  
 Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the View;  
 Thy Books are Furniture. Methinks 'tis hard  
 That Science should be purchas'd by the Yard,  
 And T——— turn'd Upholsterer, send Home  
 The gilded Leather to fit up thy Room.

IF not to some peculiar End assign'd,  
*Study's* the specious Trifling of the Mind;  
 Or is at best a secondary Aim,  
 A Chace for Sport alone, and not for Game;  
 If so, sure they who the meer Volume prize,  
 But love the Thicket where the Quarry lyes.  
 Unlearned Men of Books assume the Care,  
 As Eunuchs are the Guardians of the Fair.

ON buying Books *Lorenzo* long was bent,  
 But found at length that it reduc'd his Rent,  
 His Farms were flown; when lo! a Sale comes on,  
 A choice Collection! what is to be done?

He



He sells his last; for he the Whole will buy;  
 Sells ev'n his House, nay wants whereon to lye;  
 So high the generous Ardor of the Man  
 For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Oriental*s ran.  
 When Terms were drawn, and brought him by the Clerk,  
 Lorenzo sign'd the Bargain — with his *Mark*.

Not in his Author's Liveries alone  
 Is *Codrus*' erudite Ambition shown;  
 Editions various, at high Prices bought,  
 Inform the World what *Codrus* would be thought;  
 And to this Cost another must succeed  
 To pay a Sage, who *says* that he can read,  
 Who Titles knows, and Indexes has seen;  
 But leaves to ——— what lyes between,  
 Of pompous Books who shuns the proud Expence,  
 And humbly is contented with their Sense.

O ——— whose Accomplishments make good  
 The Promise of a long-illustrious Blood,  
 In *Arts*, and *Manners* eminently grac'd,  
 The strictest Honour! and the finest Taste!  
 Accept this Verse; if Satire can agree  
 With so consummate an Humanity.

By your Example would *Hilario* mend,  
 How would it grace the Talents of my Friend,  
 Who with the Charms of his own Genius smit,  
 Conceives all Virtues are compriz'd in Wit ?  
 But Time his fervent Petulance may cool ;  
 For tho' he is a Wit, he is no Fool.  
 In Time he'll learn to Use, not Waste his Sense,  
 Nor make a Frailty of an Excellence.  
 His brisk Attack on Blockheads we should prize,  
 Were not his Jest as slippan with the Wife.  
 He spares nor Friend, nor Foe ; but calls to mind,  
 Like Doom's-day, all the Faults of all Mankind,

WHAT tho' Wit tickles ? Tickling is unsafe,  
 If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.  
 Who, for the poor Renown of being smart,  
 Would leave a Sting within a Brother's Heart ?

PARTS may be prais'd, Good-nature is ador'd ;  
 Then, draw your Wit as seldom as your Sword,  
 And never on the Weak, or you'll appear  
 As *there* no Hero, no great Genius *here*.  
 As in smooth Oyl the Razor best is whet,  
 So Wit is by Politeness sharpest set,

Their

Their Want of Edge from their Offence is seen;  
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.  
 The Fame Men give is for the Joy they find;  
 Dull is the Jester when the Joke's unkind.

SINCE *Marcus*, doubtless, thinks himself a Wit,  
 To pay my Compliment what Place so fit?  
 His most facetious \* Letters came to Hand,  
 Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.  
 If that a *just* Offence to *Marcus* gave,  
 Say, *Marcus*, which, art thou a Fool, or Knave?  
 For all but such with Caution I forbore;  
 That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before.  
 I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;  
 No Mask so good, but *Marcus* must shine through;  
 False Names are vain, thy Lines their Author tell,  
 Thy best Concealment had been writing *well*;  
 But thou a brave Neglect of *Fame* hast shown,  
 Of other's Fame, great Genius! and thy own.  
 Write on unheeded, and this Maxim know;  
 The Man who pardons, disappoints his Foe.

D

\* Letters sent to the Author, sign'd *Marcus*.

IN Malice to proud Wits some proudly lull  
 Their forward Reason, *vain* of being Dull ;  
 When some Home-Joke has stung their solemn Souls ;  
 In Vengeance they determine ——— to be Fools ;  
 Thro' Spleen, that little Nature gave, make less,  
 Quite zealous in the Ways of Heaviness ;  
 To Lumps inanimate a Fondness take,  
 And disinherit Sons that are awake.  
 These, when their outmost Venom they would spit,  
 Most barbarously tell you ——— “ he's a Wit.”  
 Poor *Negroes* thus to shew their burning Spight  
 To Cacodæmons, say, they're dev'lish white.

*Lampridius* from the Bottom of his Breast  
 Sighs o'er one Child, but triumphs in the rest.  
 How just his Grief? one carries in his Head  
 A less Proportion of the Father's Lead,  
 And is in Danger, without special Grace,  
 To rise above a Justice of the Peace.  
 The *Dunghill-breed* of Men a *Diamond* scorn,  
 And feel a Passion for a *Grain of Corn*,  
 Some stupid, plodding, Money-loving Wight,  
 Who wins their Hearts by knowing black from white,

Who



Who with *much* Pains exerting *all* his Sense,  
 Can range aright his Shillings, Pounds, and Pence,  
 The booby-father craves a booby-son,  
 And by Heav'n's Blessing thinks himself undone.

WANT's of all Kinds are made to Fame a Plea,  
 One learns to lisp, another not to see;  
 Miss *D.*—— tottering catches at your Hand.  
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?  
 Whilst these what Nature gave disown thro' Pride,  
 Others affect what Nature has deny'd;  
 What Nature has deny'd Fools will pursue,  
 As Apes are ever walking upon two.

*Crassus* a grateful Sage, our Awe and Sport!  
 Supports grave Forms, for Forms the Sage support.  
 He hems, and cries with an important Air,  
 " If yonder Clouds withdraw it will be fair: "  
 Then quotes the *Stagyrite* to prove it true,  
 And adds, " the Learn'd delight in something new. "  
 Is't not enough the Blockhead scarce can read,  
 But must he wisely look, and gravely plead ?  
 As far a Formalist from Wisdom sits  
 In judging Eyes, as Libertines from Wits.

YET subtle Wights (so blind are mortal Men,  
 Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest Pen)  
 For ever will hang out a solemn Face  
 To put off Nonsense with the better Grace;  
 As Pedlars with some Hero's Head make bold,  
 Illustrious Mark! where Pins are to be sold.

WHAT's the bent Brow, or Neck in Thought reclin'd?  
 The Body's Wisdom to conceal the Mind.  
 A Man of Sense can Artifice disdain,  
 As Men of Wealth may venture to go plain;  
 And be this Truth eternal ne'er forgot,  
 Solemnity's a Cover for a Sor;  
 I find the Fool, when I behold the Skreen;  
 For 'tis the wise Man's Interest to be seen.

HENCE, ———, that Openness of Heart,  
 And just Disdain for that poor Mimic, Art;  
 Hence (manly Praise!) that Manner nobly free,  
 Which all admire, and I explain in thee.

WITH generous Scorn how oft hast thou survey'd  
 Of Court, and Town the Noon-tyde Masquerade,  
 Where Swarms of Knaves the Vizard quite disgrace,  
 And hide secure behind a naked Face;

Where

Where Nature's End of Language is declin'd,  
 And Men talk only to conceal the Mind;  
 Where generous Hearts the greatest Hazard run,  
 And he who trusts a Brother is undone?

*These* all their Care expend on outward Show  
 For Wealth, and Fame; for Fame alone the *Beau*.  
 Of late at *White's* was young *Florello* seen.  
 How blank his Look? how discompos'd his Mien?  
 So hard it proves in Grief sincere to feign!  
 Sunk were his Spirits; for his Coat was plain.

NEXT Day his Breast regain'd its wonted Peace,  
 His Health was mended with a silver Lace.  
 A curious Artist long inur'd to Toils  
 Of gentler Sort, with Combs, and fragrant Oyls,  
 Whether by Chance, or by some God inspir'd,  
 So toucht his Curls, his mighty Soul was fir'd,  
 The well-swoln Tyes an equal Homage claim,  
 And either Shoulder has it's Share of Fame;  
 His sumptuous Watch-case, tho' conceal'd it lyes,  
 Like a good Conscience, solid Joy supplies.  
 He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)  
 St—pe in Wit, in Breeding D—l—ne.

Where'er

Whene'er by seeming Chance he throws his Eye  
 On Mirrors flushing with his *Tyrian Dye*,  
 With how sublime a Transport leaps his Heart?  
 But Fate ordains that dearest Friends must part.  
 In active Measures brought from *France*, he wheels,  
 And triumphs, conscious of his learned Heels.

So have I seen on some bright Summer's Day  
 A Calf of Genius debonnair, and gay,  
 Dance on the Bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,  
 Fond of the pretty *Fellow* in the Stream.

*Morose* is sunk with Shame, when'er surpriz'd  
 In Linen clean, or Peruke undisguis'd.  
 No sublunary Chance his Vestments fear,  
 Valu'd, like Leopards, as their Spots appear,  
 A fam'd Sur-tout he wears, which once was blue,  
 And his Foot swims in a capacious Shoe.  
 One Day his Wife (for who can Wives reclaim?)  
 Levell'd her barbarous Needle at his Fame;  
 But open Force was vain, by Night she went,  
 And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling Rent;  
 Where yawn'd the Frize is now become a Doubt,  
 And glory at one Entrance quite shut out.\*



HE scorns *Florello*, and *Florello* him;  
 This hates the *filthy* Creature, that the *prim*;  
 Thus in each other both these Fools despise  
 Their own dear selves with undiscerning Eyes;  
 Their Methods various, but alike their Aim:  
 The Sloven, and the Fopling are the same.

YE Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,  
 When Party-rage too warmly you pursue;  
 Then both club Nonsense, and impetuous Pride,  
 And Folly joins whom Sentiments divide.  
 You vent your Spleen as Monkeys, when they pass,  
 Scratch at the Mimic-Monkey in the Glass,  
 While both are one; and henceforth be it known,  
 Fools of both Sides shall stand for Fools alone.

“ BUT who art thou? ” methinks *Florello* cries:  
 “ Of all thy Species art thou only wise?

SINCE smallest things can give our Sins a Twitch,  
 As crossing Straws retard a passing Witch,  
*Florello*, thou my Monitor shalt be;  
 I'll conjure thus some Profit out of Thee.

O thou my self! abroad our Counsels roam,  
 And, like ill Husbands, take no Care at Home.

Thou

Thou too art wounded with the common Dart;  
 And Love of Fame lyes throbbing at thy Heart;  
 And what wise Means to gain it hast thou chose?  
 Know, Fame, and Fortune both are made of Prose.  
 Is thy Ambition sweating for a Rhyme,  
 Thou unambitious Fool, at this late Time?  
 While I a Moment name, a Moment's past,  
 I'm nearer Death in this Verse than the last;  
 What then is to be done, be wise with Speed.  
 A Fool at forty is a Fool indeed.

AND what so foolish as the Chace of Fame?  
 How vain the Prize? how impotent our Aim?  
 For what are Men, who grasp at Praise sublime,  
 But Bubbles on this rapid Stream of Time,  
 That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,  
 Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an Hour?

THIS humble Verse, O ——— ! may it be  
 A Monument of Gratitude to thee,  
 Whose early Favour I must own with Shame,  
 So long my Patron, and so late my Theme.

**F I N I S.**

THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE III.

---

*Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam  
virtutis.*

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Juv. Sat. 10.



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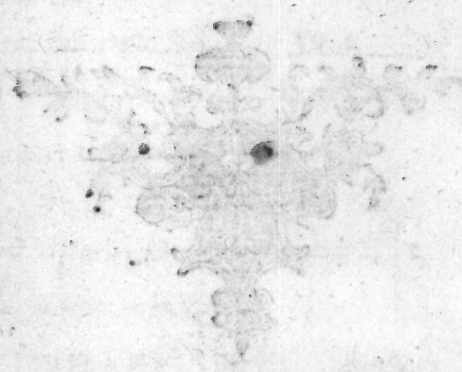
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THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION

S A T R E III

Printed by J. B. Smith, at the  
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Printed in the Year M D C C X V



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## S A T I R E III.

**L**ONG, *Dodington*, in Debt, I long have sought  
 To ease the Burthen of my grateful Thought;  
 And now a Poet's Gratitude you see,  
 Grant him two Favours, and he'll ask for three;  
 For whose the present Glory, or the Gain?  
 You give Protection, I a worthless Strain.  
 You love, and feel the Poet's sacred Flame,  
 And know the Basis of a solid Fame;  
 Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,  
 You read with all the Malice of a Friend;  
 Nor favour my Attempts that Way alone,  
 But more to raise my Verse, conceal your own.

'AN ill-tim'd Modesty! turn Ages o'er,  
 When wanted *Britain* bright examples more;  
 Her *Learning* and her *Genius* too decays,  
 And *dark*, and *cold* are her declining Days;  
 As if Men now were of another Cast,  
 They meanly live on Alms of Ages past.  
 Men still are Men, and they who boldly dare,  
 Shall triumph o'er the Sons of cold Despair;  
 Or, if they fail, they justly still take Place  
 Of such, who run in Debt for their Disgrace;  
 Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,  
 And damn it with Improvements of their own.  
 We bring some new Materials, and what's old  
 New-cast with Care, and in no borrowed mold;  
 Late Times the Verse may read, if these refuse,  
 And from sow'r Critics vindicate the Muse.

"YOUR work is long," the Critics cry, 'tis true,  
 And lengthens still, to take in Fools like you;  
 Shorten my Labour, if its Length you blame,  
 For, grow but wise, you robe me of my Game;  
 As hunted Hags, who, while the Dogs pursue,  
 Renounce their four Legs, and start up on two.

LINE

LIKE the bold Bird upon the Banks of Nile,  
 That picks the Teeth of the dire Crocodile,  
 Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the Critick's Rage,  
 And with the fell Destroyer feed my Page.  
 For what ambitious Fools are more to blame  
 Than those, who Thunder in the Critic's Name?  
 Good Authors damn'd, have their Revenge in this,  
 To see what Wretches gain the Praise they miss.

BALBUTIUS muffled in his sable Cloack,  
 Like an old Druid from his hollow Oak,  
 As Ravens solemn, and as boading, cries,  
 Ten thousand Worlds for the three Unities!  
 Ye Doctors sage, who thro' *Parnassus* teach,  
 Or quit the Tub, or practise what you preach,

One judges, as the Weather dictates, right  
 The Poem is at Noon, and wrong at Night;  
 Another judges by a surer Gage,  
 An Author's Principles, or Parentage;  
 Since his great Ancestors in *Flanders* fell,  
 The Poem, doubtless, must be written well,  
 Another judges by the Writer's look;  
 Another judges, for he bought the Book:

Some

Some judge, their Knack of judging wrong to keep,  
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

THUS all will judge, and with one single aim,  
To gain themselves, not give the Writer Fame.  
The very Best ambitiously advise,  
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise;  
None are at Leisure others to reward;  
They scarce will damn, but out of Self-regard.

CRITICS on Verse, as Squibs on Triumphs wait,  
Proclaim the Glory, and augment the State,  
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling Fry  
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste Paper, stink, and die,  
Rail on, my Friends! What more my Verse can crown  
Than *Compton's* Smile, and your obliging Frown?

NOT all on *Books* their Criticism waste,  
The Genius of a *Dish* some justly taste,  
And eat their Way to Fame; with anxious Thought  
The Salmon is refus'd, and Turbot bought.  
Impatient Art rebukes the Sun's Delay,  
And bids *December* yield the Fruits of *May*.  
Their various Cares in one great Point combine,  
The Business of their Lives, that is ——— to dine,

Half



Half of their pretious Day they give the Feast,

And, to a kind Digestion spare the rest.

*Apicius* here, the Taster of the Town,

Feeds twice a-week, to tettle their Renown.

THESE Worthies of the Palate guard with Care

The sacred Annals of their Bills of Fare,

In those choice Books their Panegyricks read,

And scorn the Creatures that for Hunger feed.

If Man by Feeding well commences great,

Much more the Worm to whom that Man is Meant

To Glory some advance a lying Claim,

Thieves of Renown, and Pilferers of Fame;

Their Front supplies what their Ambition lacks,

They know a Thousand Lords, *behind their Backs*,

*Cottil* is apt to wink upon a Peer.

When turn'd away, with a familiar Leer:

And *H——y's* Eyes, unmercifully keen,

Have murder'd Fops, by whom she ne'er was seen:

*Niger* adopts stray Libels, wisely prone

To covet Shame, still greater than his own.

*Bathyllus* in the Winter of Threescore

Belyes his Innocence, and keeps a Whore:

Absence

Absence of Mind *Brabantio* turns to Fame;  
 Learns to mistake, nor knows his Brother's Name;  
 Has Words, and Thoughts in nice Disorder set,  
 And takes a Memorandum to forget.  
 Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,  
 They forge the Patents that create them Sors.

As Love of Pleasure into Pain betrays,  
 So most grow infamous thro' Love of Praise:  
 But whence for Praise can such an Ardor rise,  
 When those, who bring that Incense we despise?  
 For such the Vanity of Great, and small,  
 Contempt goes round, and all Men laugh at all.

NOR can even Satire blame them, for 'tis true  
 They most have ample Cause for what they do.  
 O! fruitful *Britain*! Doubtless thou wast meant  
 A Nurse of Fools to stock the Continent.  
 Tho' *Phæbus*, and the Nine for ever now,  
 Rank Folly underneath the Scythe will grow.  
 The plenteous Harvest calls me forward still,  
 Till I surpass in Length my Lawyers's Bill,  
 A *Welch* Descent, which well-paid Heraulds damn;  
 Or, longer still, a *Dutchman's* Epigram,

When

When cloy'd, in Fury I throw down my Pen;  
In comes a Coxcomb, and I write agen.

SEE! *Tityrus* with Merriment possest,  
Is burst with Laughter, ere he hears the Jest:  
What need he stay? For when the Joke is o'er,  
His Teeth will be no whiter than before.  
Is there of these, ye Ladies! such a Dearth,  
That you need purchase Monkeys for your Mirth?

SOME vain of Paintings, bid the World admire,  
Of Houses some, nay Houses that they hire:  
Some (perfect Wisdom!) of a beauteous Wife,  
And boast, like Cordeliers, a Scourge for Life.

SOME TIMES, thro' pride, the Sexes change their Airs;  
My Lord has Vapours, and my Lady swears,  
Then (stranger still!) on turning of the Wind,  
My Lord wears Breeches, and my Lady's kind.

To shew the Strength and Infamy of Pride,  
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.  
What Numbers are there, which at once pursue  
Praise, and the Glory to condemn it too?  
To praise himself *Vincenna* knows a Shame,  
And therefore lays a Stratagem for Fame,

Makes his Approach in Modesty's Disguise

To win' Applause, and takes it by Surprise.

" To err, says he, in small Things is my Fate."

You know your Duty, *he's exact in great.*

" My Style, says he, is rude, and full of Faults."

*But O! what Sense? what Energy of Thoughts?*

That he wants Algebra he must confess.

*But not a Soul to give our Arms Success.*

" Ah! that's a Hit indeed, *Vincenna* cries;

" But who in Heat of Blood was ever wise?

" I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,

" To make that, hopeless, ill-advis'd Attack:

" All say 'twas Madness, nor dare I deny;

" Sure never Fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could this deceive in others, to be free,

*It* ne'er, *Vincenna*, cou'd deceive in thee,

Whose Conduct is a Comment to thy Tongue

So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.

Thou in one Suit wilt thy whole Income wear,

And haunt the Court, without a Prospect there.

Are these Expedients for Renown? confess

Thy *little Self*, that I may scorn thee less.



BE wife, *Vincenna*, and the Court forsake,  
 Our Fortunes there, nor thou, nor I shall make.  
 Ev'n *Men of Merit*, e're their Point they gain,  
 In hardy Service make a long Campaign,  
 Most manfully besiege the Patron's Gate,  
 And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the Great  
 With painful Art, and Application warm,  
 And take at last some little Place by Storm,  
 Enough to keep two Shoes on *Sunday* clean,  
 And starve upon't discreetly in *Sheer-lane*.  
 Already this thy Fortune can afford,  
 Then starve without the Favour of my Lord.  
 'Tis true, great Fortunes some great Men confer;  
 But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:  
 From Caprice, not from Choice, their Favours come  
 They give, but think it Toil to know to whom:  
 The Man that's nearest, yawning they advance.  
 'Tis *Inhumanity* to bless by Chance.  
 If Merit sues, and Greatness is so loath,  
 To break its downy Trance, I pity both.  
 I grant at Court *Phitander*, at his Need,  
 (Thanks to his lovely Wife) finds Friends indeed,

Of every Charm, and Virtue she's possess.

*Philander!* thou art exquisitely blest,

The publick Envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,

The Man is found, who may be justly proud;

But, see! how sickly is Ambition's Taste?

Ambition feeds on Trash, and loaths a Feast:

For lo! *Philander*, of Reproach afraid,

In secret loves his Wife, but keeps her Maid.

SOME Nymphs sell Reputation, others buy,  
And love a Market, where the Rates run high.

*Italian* Musick's sweet, because 'tis dear;

Their Vanity is tickled, not their Ear:

Their Tastes wou'd lessen, if the Prices fell,

And *Shakespear's* wretched Stuff do quite as well:

Away the disenchanted Fair would throng,

And own that *English* is their Mother-Tongue.

To shew how much our Northern Tastes refine,

Imported Nymphs our Peereesses out-shine;

While Tradesmen starve, these *Philomels* are gay;

For generous Lords had rather give, than pay.

O lavish Land, for Sound at such Expence!

But then she saves it in her Bills for Sense.

MUSIC I passionately love, 'tis plain,  
 Since for its Sake such Dramas I sustain.  
 An Opera, like a Pillory, may be said  
 To nail our Ears down, but expose our Head.

BEHOLD the Masquerade's fantastick Scene!  
 The Legislature join'd with *Drury-lane* !  
 When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd Patriots run,  
 And serve their Country—— if the Dance is done.  
 “ Are we not then allow'd to be polite ? ”  
 Yes, doubtless, but first set your Notions right,  
 Worth of Politeness is the needful Ground,  
 Where that is wanting this can ne'er be found.  
 Triflers not ev'n in Trifles can excell;  
 'Tis solid Bodies only polish well.

GREAT, chosen Prophet! for these latter Days,  
 To turn a willing World from righteous Ways,  
 Well, *H——r*, dost thou thy Master serve,  
 Well has he seen his Servant shou'd not starve,  
 Thou to his Name has splendid Temples rais'd,  
 In various Forms of Worship seen him prais'd,  
 Gawdy Devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,  
 And sung sweet Anthems in a Tongue unknown.

In

Inferior Off'rings to thy God of Vice  
 Are duly paid in Fiddles, Cards, and Dice;  
 Thy Sacrifice supream an hundred Maids!  
 That solemn Rite of Midnight Masquerades!  
 If Maids the quite-exhausted Town denies,  
 An hundred Head of Cuckolds must suffice.  
 Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the converted Land,  
 To see the *Fifty Churches* at a Stand.

AND, that thy Ministry may never fail,  
 But what thy Hand has plant'd still prevail,  
 Of minor Prophets a Succession sure  
 The Propagation of thy Zeal secure.

SEE Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State  
 In solemn Council met, and deep debate!  
 What godlike Enterprize is taking Birth?  
 What Wonder opens on th' expecting Earth?  
 'Tis done! with loud Applause the Council rings!  
 Fixt is the Fate of Whores, and Fiddle-strings!

THO' bold these Truths, thou, Muse, with Truths like these,  
 Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a Praise to please;  
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,  
 Like just Tribunals, bend an awful Brow,

How



How terrible it were to common Sense,  
 To write a Satire, which gave none Offence?  
 And, since from Life I take the Draughts you see,  
 If Men dislike them, do they censure me ?  
 On then, my Muse ! and Fools, and Knaves expose,  
 And, since thou canst not make a Friend, make Foes :  
 The Fool and Knave 'tis glorious to offend,  
 And godlike an Attempt the World to mend,  
 The World, where lucky Throws to *Blockheads* fall,  
*Knaves* know the Game, and *honest Men* pay all.

How hard for real Worth to gain its Price ?  
 A Man shall make his Fortune in a Trice,  
 If blest with pliant, tho' but slender Sense,  
 Feign'd Modesty, and real Impudence.  
 A supple Knee, smooth Tongue, an easy Grace,  
 A Smile within, a Curse upon your Face,  
 A beauteous Sister, or convenient Wife,  
 Are Prizes in the Lottery of Life ;  
 Genius, and Virtue they will soon defeat,  
 And lodge you in the Bosom of the Great.  
 To merit, is but to provide a pain  
 From Men's refusing what you ought to gain.

MAY, Dodington, this Maxim fail in you;  
 Whom my presaging Thoughts already view  
 By *Walpole's* Conduct fir'd, and Friendship grac'd,  
 Still higher in your Prince's Favour plac'd;  
 And lending here those awful Councils Aid,  
 Which you Abroad with such Success obey'd:  
 Bear this from one, who holds your Friendship dear;  
 What most we wish, with Ease we fancy near.



7  
THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE IV.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE  
Sir SPENCER COMPTON.

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*Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quàm  
virtutis.*

JUV. Sat. 10.

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Printed in the Year M. DCC. XXV.



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# SATIRE IV.



OUND some fair Tree th' ambitious Wood.

bine grows,

And breathes her Sweets on the supporting

Boughs;

So sweet the Verse, th' ambitious Verse should be,

(O! pardon mine) that hopes Support from Thee,

Thee, *Compton*, born o'er Senates to preside,

Their Dignity to raise, their Counsels guide;

Deep to discern, and widely to survey,

And Kingdoms Fates, without Ambition, weigh;

Of distant Virtues nice Extreame to blend,

The Crown's Asserter, and the People's Friend;

Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer Views,  
 To listen to the Labours of the Muse;  
 Thy Smiles *protect* her, while thy Talents *fire*;  
 And 'tis but half thy Glory to inspire.

V E X T at a publick Fame so justly won,  
 The jealous *Chremes* is with Spleen undone.  
*Chremes*, for airy Pensions of Renown,  
 Devotes his Service to the State and Crown;  
 All Schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves;  
 Tho' *Britain's* thankless, still this Patriot loves;  
 But Patriots differ, some may shed their Blood,  
 He drinks his Coffee for the publick Good,  
 Consults the sacred Steam, and there foresees  
 What Storms, or Sunshine Providence decrees,  
 Knows for each Day the Weather of our Fate.  
 A *Quid-nunc* is an Almanack of State.

You smile, and think this Statesman void of Use:  
 Why may not Time his secret Worth produce?  
 Since Apes can roast the choice *Castanian Nut*,  
 Since Steeds of Genius are expert at *Punt*,

Since

Since half the Senate *not content* can say,  
Geese Nations save, and Puppies Plots betray.

WHAT makes him model Realms, and counsel Kings?  
An Incapacity for smaller Things.

Poor *Chremes* can't conduct his own Estate,  
And thence has undertaken *Europe's* Fate.

*Gehenno* leaves the Realm to *Chremes'* Skill,  
And boldly claims a Province higher still.  
To raise a Name, th' ambitious Boy has got  
At once a Bible, and a Shoulder-knot;  
Deep in the Secret, he looks thro' the whole,  
And pities the dull Rogue that saves his Soul;  
To talk with Reverence you must take good Heed,  
Nor shoke his *tender Reason* with the Creed.  
How-e'er, well-bred, in publick he complies,  
Obliging Friends alone with Blasphemies.

PEERAGE is Poyson, good Estates are bad  
For this Disease; poor Rogues run seldom mad.  
Have not Attainders brought unhop'd Relief,  
And falling Stocks quite cur'd an Unbelief.

While

While the Sun shines *Blunt* talks with wond'rous Force;  
 But Thunder mairs small Beer, and weak Discourse,  
 Such useful Instruments the Weather show,  
 Just as their Mercury is high or low.

HEALTH chiefly keeps an Atheist in the Dark,  
 A Fever argues better than a *Clarke*;  
 Let but the Logick in his Pulse decay,  
 The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray,  
 While C—— mourns with an unfeigned Zeal  
 Th' apostate Youth, who reason'd *once* so well,

C—— who makes so merry with the Creed,  
 He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;  
 But only thinks so; to give both their Due,  
*Satan*, and he Believe, and Tremble too.

*Narcissus* the Tartarian Club disclaims,  
 Nay, a Free-mason with some Terror names,  
 Omits no Duty, nor can *Envy* say  
 He miss'd these many Years the Church, or Play;  
 He makes no Noise in Parliament, 'tis true,  
 But pays his Debs, and Visit, when 'tis due;

His



His Character, and Gloves are ever clean,  
 And then, he can outbow the *bowing Dean*;  
 A Smile eternal on his Lip he wears,  
 Which equally the Wife, and Worthless shares;  
 In gay Fatigues this most undaunted Chief;  
 Patient of Idleness beyond Belief,  
 Most charitably lends the Town his Face  
 For Ornament, in every publick Place;  
 As sure as Cards he to the Assembly comes,  
 And is the Furniture of Drawing-rooms.  
 When *Ombre* calls, his Hand, and Heart are free,  
 And, joyn'd to Two, he fails not — to make Three!  
*Narcissus* is the Glory of his Race:  
 For who does Nothing with a better Grace?

To deck my List, by Nature were design'd  
 Such shining Expletives of humane Kind,  
 Who want, while thro' blank Life they dream along,  
 Sense to be right, and Passion to be wrong.

To counterpoise this Hero of the Mode,  
 Some for Renown are singular, and odd;

What

What other Men deflike is fure to pleafe  
 Of all Mankind thefe dear Antipodes;  
 Thro' Pride, not Malice, they run counter ftill;  
 And Birth-days are their Days of dressing ill.  
*Arb*——*t* is a Fool; and *F*—— a Sage;  
*S*——*ly* will fright you, *E*—— engage,  
 By Nature Streams run backward, Flame descends;  
 Stones mount, and *S*——*x* is the worft of Friends.

THEY take their Reft by Day, and wake by Night;  
 And blufh, if you surprize them in the Right,  
 If they by Chance blurt out, ere well aware,  
 A Swan is white, or *Q*——*y* is fair.

NOTHING exceeds in Ridicule, no doubt,  
 A Fool in Fashion, but a Fool that's out;  
 His Paflion for Abfurdity's fo ftrong,  
 He cannot bear a Rival in the wrong.  
 Tho' wrong the Mode, comply; more Senfe is fhewn  
 In wearing others Follies, than your own.  
 If what is out of Fashion moft you prize,  
 Methinks you fhould endeavour to be wife.

BUT

BUT what in Oddness can be more sublime  
 Than S——, the foremost Toyman of his Time ?  
 His nice Ambition lies in curious Fancies,  
 His Daughter's Portion a rich Shell inhances,  
 And *Ashmole's* Baby-house is, in his View,  
*Britannia's* golden Mine, a rich *Peru* !  
 How his Eyes languish ? how his Thoughts adore  
 That painted Coat which *Joseph* never wore ?  
 He shews on Holidays a sacred Pin,  
 That toucht the Ruff, that toucht *Queen Bess's* Chin.

" SINCE that great Dearth our Chronicles deplore,  
 " Since the great Plague that swept as many more,  
 " was ever Year unblest as this ? " he'll cry,  
 " It has not brought us one new Butterfly !  
 In Times that suffer learn'd Men as these,  
 Unhappy I——y ! how came you to please ?

NOT gawdy Butterflies are *Lico's* Game;  
 But, in effect, his Chace is much the same.  
 Warm in Pursuit, he Levées all the Great,  
 Stanch to the Foot of Title, and Estate.

H

Where.

Where-e'er their *Lordships* go, they never find,  
 Or *Lico*, or their Shadows lag behind ;  
 He sets them sure, where-e'er their *Lordships* run,  
 Close at their Elbows, as a Morning-dun ;  
 As if their Grandeur by Contagion wrought,<sup>1</sup>  
 And Fame was, like a Fever, to be caught :  
 But after seven Years dance from Place to Place,  
 The \* *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a Crutch to prop a rotten Peer ;  
 Or living Pendant, dangling at his Ear,  
 For ever whisp'ring Secrets, which were blown  
 For Months before by Trumpets thro' the Town ?  
 Who'd be a Glass with flattering Grimace  
 Still to reflect the Temper of his Face ;  
 Or happy Pin to stick upon his Sleeve,  
 When my Lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it Leave ;  
 Or Cushion, when his Heaviness shall please  
 To loll, or thump it for his better Ease ;  
 Or a vile Butt, for Noon, or Night bespoke,  
 When the Peer rashly swears he'll club his Joke ?

Who'd

\* A Danish Dog.



Who'd shake with Laughter, tho' he cou'd not find  
 His Lordships Jest, or, if his Nose broke wind,  
 For Blessings to the Gods profoundly bow,  
 That can cry Chimney-sweep, or drive a Plough?  
 With Terms like these how mean the Tribe that close?  
 Scarce meaner They, who Terms, like these, impose.

BUT what's the Tribe most likely to comply?  
 The men of Ink, or antient Authorslye,  
 The writing Tribe, who shameless Auctions hold  
 Of Praise, by inch of Candle to be sold;  
 All Men they flatter, but themselves the most  
 With deathless Fame, their everlasting boast:  
 For Fame no cully makes so much her Jest,  
 As her old, constant Spark, the bard profess.  
 " B——le shines in Council, M——, in the Fight,  
 " P——l——m's magnificent; but I can write,  
 " And what to my great Soul like Glory dear?  
 'Till some God whispers in his tingling Ear,  
 That Fame's unwholsome taken without Meat,  
 And Life is best sustain'd by what is eat.  
 Grown Lean, and Wise, he curses what he writ,  
 And wishes all his Wants were in his Wit.

AH! what avails it, when his Dinner's lost,  
 That his triumphant Name adorns a Post;  
 Or that his shining Page (provoking Fate!)  
 Defends Sirloyns, which Sons of Dullness eat?

WHAT Foe to Verse without Compassion hears?  
 What cruel Prose-man can refrain from Tears?  
 When the poor Muse for less than half a Crown  
 A Prostitute on every Bulk in Town,  
 With other Whores undone, tho' not in Print,  
 Clubs Credit for *Geneva* in the *Mint*?

YE Bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd?  
 Ye Bards! why will ye starve to be admir'd?  
 Defunct by *Phæbus'* Laws beyond Redress,  
 Why will your Spectres haunt the frighted Press;  
 Bad Metre, that Excrecence of the Head,  
 Like Air, will sprout, altho' the Poet's dead.

ALL other Trades demand, Verse-makers beg;  
 A Dedication is a wooden Leg,  
 And barren *Labeo*, the true Mumper's Fashion,  
 Exposés borrow'd Brats to move Compassion.

Tho'

Tho' such my self, vile Bards I discommend,

Nay more, tho' gentle *Damon* is my Friend.

" Is't then a Crime to write ? " — if Talents rare  
Proclaim the God, the Crime is to forbear ;

For some, tho' few, there are large-minded Men,

Who watch unseen the Labours of the Pen,

Who know the Muse's Worth, and therefore court,

Their Deeds her Theme, their Bounty her Support,

Who serve unask'd the least Pretence to Wit ;

My-sole Excuse, alas ! for having writ.

Will H——t pardon, if I dare commend

H——t, with Zeal a Patron, and a Friend ?

A——le true Wit is studious to restore,

And D——t smiles, if *Phæbus* smil'd before,

P——ke in Years the long-lov'd Arts admires,

And *Henrietta* like a Muse inspires.

BUT ah ! not *Inspiration* can obtain

That Fame, which Poets languish for in vain.

How mad their Aim ? who thirst for Glory, strive

To grasp what no Man can possess alive.

No

No living Glory will Detraction spare,  
 The Man must die, who makes full Fame his Care.  
 Fame's a Reversion in which Men take Place  
 (O late Reversion!) at their own Decease.  
 This Truth sagacious *Lintot* knows so well,  
 He starves his Authors, that their Works may sell.

THAT Fame is Wealth, fantastick Poets cry;  
 That Wealth is Fame, another Clan reply,  
 Who know no Guilt, no Scandal but in Rags,  
 And swell in just Proportion to their Bags.  
 Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old  
 Think Glory nothing but the Beams of Gold,  
 The first young Lord, which in the Mall you meet,  
 Shall match the veriest Huncks in *Lombard-street*,  
 From rescu'd Candle's Ends who rais'd a Sum,  
 And starves to join a Penny to a Plumb.  
 A beardless Miser ? 'tis a Guilt unknown  
 To former Times, a Scandal all our own.

OF ardent Lovers, the true modern Band  
 Will mortgage *Celia* to redeem their Land.

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For Love, young, noble, rich *Castalio* dies;  
 Name but the Fair, Love swells into his Eyes.  
 Divine *Monimia*, thy fond Fears lay down;  
 No Rival can prevail, but — half a Crown.

HE glories to late Times to be convey'd,  
 Not for the Poor he has reliev'd, but made.  
 Not such Ambition his great Fathers fir'd,  
 When *Harry* conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd:  
 He'd be a Slave, a Pimp, a Dog for Gain,  
 Nay, a dull Sheriff for his golden Chain,

“ WHO'D be a Slave ? ” the gallant Colonel cries,  
 While Love of Glory sparkles from his Eyes.  
 To deathless Fame he loudly pleads his Right, —  
 Just is his Title, for I will not fight :  
 But, when indulging on the last Campaign,  
 His lofty Terms climb o'er the Hills of Slain,  
 He gives the Foes he slew, at each vain Word,  
 A sweet Revenge, and half-absolves his Sword.

OF Boasting more than of a Bomb afraid,  
 A Soldier should be modest, as a Maid :

Fame

Fame is a Bubble the Referv'd enjoy,  
 Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy :  
 'Tis the World's Debt to Deeds of high Degree;  
 But if you pay your self, the World is free.

WERE there no Tongue to speak them but his own,  
 'Augustus' Deeds in Arms had ne'er been known,  
 'Augustus' Deeds; if that ambiguous Name  
 Confounds my Reader, and misguides his Aim,  
 Such is the Prince's Worth, of whom I speak,  
 The Roman would not blush at the Mistake.

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THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION.  
SATIRE  
THE LAST.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE  
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

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*Carmina tum melius, tum venerit IPSE, canemus. Virg.*

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Printed in the Year M: DCC. XXVI.

THE  
UNIVERSAL PASSION  
SATIRE  
THE LAST

By ROBERT WALLACE

Printed in the Year M. DCC. XXVI.



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# S A T I R E

## T H E L A S T .



N this last Labour, this my closing Strain  
 Smile, *Walpole*, or the Nine inspire in vain,  
 To thee 'tis due; that Verse how justly thine,  
 Where *Brunswick's* Glory crowns the whole Design ?  
 That Glory, which thy Counsels make so bright ;  
 That Glory, which on thee reflects a Light.  
 Illustrious Commerce, and but rarely known !  
 To give, and take a Lustre from the Throne.

N O R think that thou art foreign to my Theme ;  
 The Fountain is not foreign to the Stream,

How all Mankind will be surpriz'd, to see  
 This Flood of *British* Folly charg'd on Thee ?  
 Yet, *Britain*, whence this Caprice of thy Sons,  
 Which thro' their various Ranks with Fury runs ?  
 The Cause is plain, a Cause which we must bless ;  
 For Caprice is the Daughter of Success,  
 ( A bad Effect, but from a pleasing Cause ! )  
 And gives our Rulers undesign'd Applause ;  
 Tells how their Conduct bids our Wealth increase,  
 And lulls us in the downy Lap of Peace,

WHILE I survey the Blessings of our Isle,  
 Her Arts triumphant in the Royal smile,  
 Her publick Wounds bound up, her Credit high,  
 Her Commerce spreading Sails in every Sky,  
 The pleasing Scene recalls my Theme agen,  
 And shews the Madnefs of ambitious Men,  
 Who, fond of Bloodshed, draw the murd'ring Sword,  
 And burn to give Mankind a single Lord.

THE Follies past are of a private Kind,  
 Their Sphere is small, their Mischief is confin'd ;

But

But daring Men there are (awake, my Muse,  
 And raise thy Verse) who bolder Frenzy chuse;  
 Who stung by Glory, rave, and bound away,  
 The World their Feild, and Human-kind their Prey,

THE Grecian Chief, th' Enthusiast of his Pride,  
 With Rage and Terror stalking by his Side,  
 Raves round the Globe; he soars into a God!  
 Stand fast, *Olympus*! and sustain his Nod.  
 The Pest divine in horrid Grandeur reigns,  
 And thrives on Mankind's Miseries and Pains.  
 What slaughter'd Hosts! what Cities in a Blaze!  
 What wasted Countries! and what crimson Seas!  
 With Orphans Tears his impious Bowl o'erflows,  
 And Cries of Kingdoms lull him to Repose.

AND cannot thrice Ten Hundred Years unpraise  
 The boyst'rous Boy, and blast his guilty Bays?  
 Why want we then Encomiums on the Storm,  
 Or Famine, or Volcano? they perform  
 Their mighty Deeds, they Hero-like can slay,  
 And spread their ample Desarts in a Day.

O great Alliance ! O divine Renown !  
 With Dearth, and Pestilence to share the Crown,  
 When Men extol a wild Destroyer's Name,  
 Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

ONE to destroy is Murder by the Law,  
 And Gibbets keep the lifted Hand in awe ;  
 To murder Thousands take a specious Name,  
*War's glorious Art*, and gives immortal Fame.

WHEN after Battel I the Field have seen  
 Spread o'er with ghastly Shapes which once were Men ;  
 A Nation crush'd ! a Nation of the Brave !  
 A Realm of Death ! and on this Side the Grave !  
 Are there, said I, who from this sad Survey,  
 This Human Chaos, carry smiles away !  
 How did my Heart with Indignation rise !  
 How honest Nature swell'd into my Eyes !  
 How was I shockt, to think the Hero's Trade  
 Of such materials Fame and Triumph made !

How guilty These ? yet not less guilty They,  
 Who reach false Glory by a smoother Way ;

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Who wrap Destruction up in gentle Words,  
 And Bows, and Smiles, more fatal than their Swords;  
 Who stifle Nature, and subsist on Art,  
 Who coin the Face, and petrify the Heart;  
 All real Kindness for the Shew discard,  
 As Marble polish'd, and, as Marble hard.  
 Who do for Gold what Christians do thro' Grace,  
 " With open Arms their Enemies embrace."  
 Who give a Nod when broken Hearts repine;  
 " The thinnest Food on which a Wretch can dine."  
 Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,  
 And in their height of Kindness are unkind.  
 Such Courtiers were, and such again may be,  
 Walpole, when Men forget to copy thee.

HERE cease my Muse! the *Catalogue* is writ,  
 Nor One more candidate for Fame, admit,  
 Tho' disappointed Thousands justly blame  
 Thy partial Pen, and boast an equal Claim.  
 Be this their Comfort, Fools omitted here  
 May furnish Laughter for another Year.

Then

Then let *Crispino*, who was ne'er refus'd  
 The Justice yet of being well abus'd,  
 With Patience wait; and be content to reign  
 The Pink of Puppies in some future Strain.

Some future Strain, in which the Muse shall tell  
 How Science dwindles, and how Volumes swell.

How Commentators each dark Passage shun,  
 And hold their Farthing-candle to the Sun.

How tortur'd Texts to speak our Sense are made,  
 And every Vice is to the Scripture laid.

How Misers squeeze a young, voluptuous Peer,  
 His Sins to *Lucifer* not half so dear.

How *Verres* is less qualify'd to steal  
 With Sword and Pistol, than with Wax and Seal.

How Lawyers' Fees to such Excess are run,  
 That Clients are redrest, 'till they're undone.

How one Man's Anguish is another's Sport,  
 And even Denials cost us dear at Court.

How Man eternally false Judgments makes,  
 And all his Joys and Sorrows are Mistakes.

THIS

THIS Swarm of Themes that settles on my Pen;  
 Which I, like Summer-flies, shake off again,  
 Let others sing; to whom my weak Essay  
 But sounds a Prelude, and points out their Prey.  
 That Duty done, I hasten to compleat  
 My own Design; for *Tonson's* at the Gate.

THE Love of Fame in its Effects survey'd  
 The Muse has sung; be now the Cause display'd:  
 Since so diffusive, and so wide its Sway,  
 What is this Power, whom all Mankind obey?

SHOT from above, by Heaven's Indulgence came  
 This generous Ardor, this unconquer'd Flame,  
 To warm, to raise, to deify Mankind,  
 Still burning brightest in the noblest Mind.  
 By large-soul'd Men, for Thirst of Fame renown'd,  
 Wise Laws were fram'd, and sacred Arts were found;  
 Desire of Praise first broke the Patriot's Rest,  
 And made a Bulwark of the Warrior's Breast;  
 It bids *Argyle* in Fields and Senates shine.  
 What more can prove its Origin divine?

BUT oh! this Passion planted in the Soul  
 On Eagle's Wings to mount her to the Pole,  
 The flaming Minister of Virtue meant,  
 Set up false Gods, and wrong'd her high Descent.

AMBITION, hence, exerts a doubtful Force,  
 Of Blots, and Beauties an alternate Source;  
 Hence *Gildon* rails, that Raven of the Pit,  
 Who thrives upon the Carcasses of Wit;  
 And in Art-loving *Scarborough* is seen  
 How kind a Patron *Pollio* might have been.  
 Pursuit of Fame with Pedants fills our Schools;  
 And into Coxcombs burnishes our Fools;  
 Pursuit of Fame makes solid Learning bright,  
 And *Newton* lifts above a mortal Height,  
 That Key of Nature, by whose Wit she clears  
 Her long, long Secrets of five thousand Years.

WOULD you then fully comprehend the whole,  
 How, and in what Degree, Pride sways the Soul?  
 (For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)  
 Awake to Knowledge, and attend my Strains.



YE Doctors! hear the Doctrine I disclose,  
 As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest Prose,  
 As if a letter'd Dunce had said " 'tis right,"  
 And *imprimatur* usher'd it to Light.

AMBITION in the *truly-noble Mind*  
 With Sister-virtue is for ever joyn'd;  
 As in fam'd *Lucrece*, who with equal Dread  
 From Guilt, and Shame, by her last Conduct fled;  
 Her *Virtue* long repell'd in firm Disdain,  
 And the Sword pointed at her Heart in vain;  
 But, when the Slave was threaten'd to be laid  
 Dead by her Side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.

IN *meaner Minds* Ambition works alone,  
 But with such Art puts Virtue's Aspect on,  
 That not more like in Feature, and in Mien;  
 \* The God and Mortal in the comic Scene.  
 False *Julius*, ambusht in this fair Disguise,  
 Soon made the *Roman* Liberties his Prize,

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No

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\* *Amphitruon*.

No Mask in *basest* Minds Ambition wears,  
 But in full Light pricks up her Ass's Ears;  
 All I have sung are Instances of This,  
 And prove my Theme unfolded not amiss.

YE Vain! desist from your erroneous Strife;  
 Be wise, and quit the false *Sublime* of Life.  
 The true Ambition there alone resides,  
 Where Justice vindicates, and Wisdom guides;  
 Where inward Dignity joins outward State,  
 Our Purpose good, as our Achievement great,  
 Where publick Blessings publick Praise attend,  
 Where Glory is our Motive, not our End.  
 Would'st thou be Fam'd? have those high Deeds in View  
 Brave Men would act, tho' Scandal should ensue.

BEHOLD a Prince! whom no swoln Thoughts inflame;  
 No Pride of Thrones, no Fever after Fame;  
 But when the Welfare of Mankind inspires,  
 And Death in View to dear-bought Glory fires,  
 Proud Conquest then, then regal Poms Delight;  
 Then Crowns, then Triumphs sparkle in his Sight;

*Tumult*

*Tumult* and *Noise* are dear, which with them bring  
 His People's Blessings to their ardent King;  
 But, when those great heroic Motives cease,  
 His swelling Soul subsides to native Peace;  
 From tedious *Grandeur's* faded Charms withdraws,  
 A sudden Foe to Splendor, and Applause,  
 Greatly deferring his Arrears of Fame,  
 'Till Men and Angels jointly shout his Name.  
 O Pride celestial! which can Pride disdain;  
 O blest Ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

FROM one fam'd *Alpine* Hill, which props the Sky,  
 In whose deep Womb unfathom'd Waters lie,  
 Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*, there shine  
 In infant Rills the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;  
 From the rich Store one fruitful Urn supplies,  
 Whole Kingdoms smile, a thousand Harvests rise.

IN *Brunswick* such a Source the Muse adores,  
 Which publick Blessings thro' Half *Europe* pours.  
 When his Heart burns with such a godlike Aim,  
 Angels and *George* are Rivals for the Fame;

*George*

*George*, who in Foes can soft Affections raise,  
And charm determin'd Satire into Praise.

NOR *human* Rage alone His Pow'r perceives,  
But the mad Winds, and the tumultuous Waves,  
Even Storms (Death's fiercest Ministers!) forbear,  
And, in their own wild Empire, learn to spare,  
Thus, *Nature-self*, supporting *Man's* Decree,  
Styles *Britain's* Sovereign, Sovereign of the *Sea*.

WHILE *Sea* and *Air*, great *Brunswick!* shook our State,  
And sported with a King's and Kingdom's Fate,  
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and prest with Fear  
Of ever losing what she held most dear,  
How did *Britannia* like \* *Achilles* weep,  
And tell her Sorrows to the Kindred Deep?  
Hang o'er the Floods, and, in Devotion warm,  
Strive, for Thee, with the Surge, and fight the Storm?

What

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\* *Hom. II. l. 1.*



What felt Thy *Walpole*, Pilot of the Realm?  
 Our *Palinurus* \* slept not at the Helm,  
 His Eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake;  
 And outwatch every Star, for *Brunswick's* Sake.  
 By thwarting Passions tost, by Cares oppress'd,  
 He found thy Tempest pictur'd in his Breast.  
 But, *now*, what Joys that Gloom of Heart dispel,  
 No Pow'rs of Language ——— but his own, can tell;  
 His own, which *Art*, and all the *Graces* form,  
 At Will, to raise or hush the *Civil* Storm.

O doubly welcome to *Britannia's* Shore!  
 By Toils and Dangers still endear'd the more.  
 Thy Touch reviv'd the Genius of our Land;  
 All Hearts went forth, and met Thee on the Strand.  
 Our Transports are sublim'd by late Distress;  
 And Thrones and Empires share in our Success.  
 What Smile of Fate, what Blessing can atone  
 For *Brunswick's* Absence? ——— his Return alone.

Tho'

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\* *Ecce Deus ratum Lethæo rore madentem*, &c. *Virg.* l. 5.

Tho', late, thy *delegated Stars* shone bright,  
 And shed a wholesome Influence, still 'twas Night:  
 The Nation droopt; but, now, with ravish'd Eyes  
 From Ocean's Lap, she sees her *Sun* arise.

**E N I S**

